

INTERCEPTED LETTERS:

OR, THE

Impenit Post Scripta.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

BY THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapere manibus occidere tabellæ.—Ovid.

From the Eighth London Edition

With *Fancy Notes by an American Gentleman.*

BALTIMORE.

Published by E. J. Coale, Wm. Warner, Joseph Robinson, J. & T. Vance,
and P. Mauro. A. Finley & P. H. Nicklin, Phil.; A. T. Goodrich,
New-york; Bradford & Read, and C. Williams, Boston.

T. Mauro, Print.

1818.









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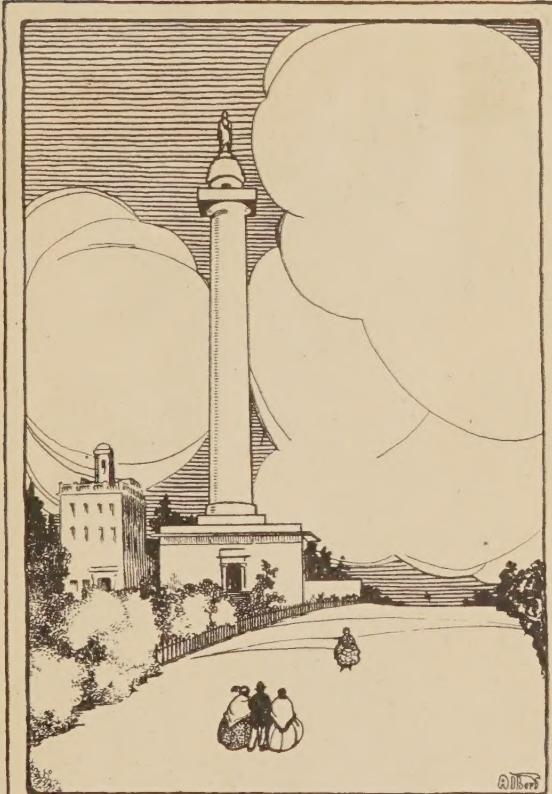
Walter J. Dawkins

IF THOU ART BORROWED BY A FRIEND,
RIGHT WELCOME SHALL HE BE,
TO READ, TO STUDY—NOT TO LEND—
BUT RETURN TO ME.

NOT THAT IMPARTED KNOWLEDGE DOTH
DIMINISH LEARNING'S STORE:
BUT BOOKS, I FIND, IF OFTEN LENT,
RETURN TO ME NO MORE!

"READ SLOWLY, PAUSE FREQUENTLY, THINK
SERIOUSLY, KEEP CLEANLY, RETURN DULY WITH
THE CORNERS OF THE LEAVES NOT TURNED DOWN."

J. G. K.



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СВЯТАЯ СЕРГИЯ ЧИСТЬ

9.6.4.6.6.
INTERCEPTED LETTERS:

OR, THE

Two-penny Post-bag.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TRIFLES REPRINTED.

BY THOMAS BROWN,
THE YOUNGER.

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From the Eighth London Edition.

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1813.

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Advertisement,

BY THE AMERICAN PUBLISHER.

IF the following performance exhibits no favourable sketch of the morals and manners of the great folks of England, it at least affords an evidence of the liberty of the press in that country, and of the freedom with which the Ministry and the Prince Regent, and even Majesty itself may be treated by the Subject. This work is said to be from the pens of the Authors of "**HORACE IN LONDON**" and "**REJECTED ADDRESSES**," two brothers, who have been pleasantly and appropriately named the **CASTOR** and **POLLUX**, of humorous poetry, and whose elegant but unlaboured effusions, have for some time past amused the gay *-fashionables* of London. The present production is distinguished by a severity of remark and keeness of wit, not unlike, and perhaps in no way inferior to the **NEW BATH**

GUIDE. The parody on the famous Letter of the PRINCE REGENT to the DUKE OF YORK, abounds with severe sarcasm directed against the Prince and his Ministry, and the sprightly letter of the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, exhibits one instance of the folly and violence of the ANTI-CATHOLICS. There are so many local allusions in this work with which an American reader cannot be presumed to be acquainted, that explanatory notes seem necessary to an American Edition, and the publisher has been so fortunate as to meet with a literary friend, recently from England, who has kindly rendered him this service.

Dedication.

TO

ST—N W—LR—E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W—E,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who would have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

IF, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits, as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation ; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,* leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

IN the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*, and however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am and always shall be,

Your sincere and
attached friend.

THE AUTHOR.

245, PICCADILLY,

March, 4, 1813.

* Ariosto, Canto 35.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who “fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee*,” those venerable Suppressors almost faught with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking

* Herrick, .

the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—TCH—D's* counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in shape of a Book ; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Two-penny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have

* *Hatchard.* a fashionable bookseller in the west end of London.—**A.M. ED.**

been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals*. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerals to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence

* It is but fair to mention that some of these reprinted *jeux-d'esprit* (as the Parody on the REGENT'S Letter, the Insurrection of the Papers, the New Costume of the Mimsters, and the Sale of Tools) are *not mine*—but they appeared to be so perfectly *in keeping* with my own, and were so very convenient in filling up my pages, that I trust their Author (whoever he may be) will excuse the liberty I have taken in making use of them.

of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's,* or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of “laudatur et alget” is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

* *Stephens*, Author of “War in Disguise” and several other pamphlets, the advocate for and reputed father of the “Orders in Council.”—AM. ED.

Intercepted Letters,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—E OF W—S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y.*

MY dear Lady BAB, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have
made ;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of
date)

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

[The young Princess pleased with the present took every occasion of riding out in Windsor Park and else
B

No nags ever made such a stir in the State !
 Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd
 he
 To God and his King—that a Popish young La-
 dy
 (For though you've bright eyes and twelve thou-
 sand a year,
 It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
 Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
 Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from
 Rome,
 And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
 That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
 their kicks !

where.—The newspapers of London as usual gave parti-
 cular description of each excursion.—The point of the
 piece is in allusion to the precautions which have been ta-
 ken in the education of the young Princess, to prevent
 the access of any influence which might dispose her to
 favour the claims of the Roman Catholics, or the party
 of the opposition.—The apprehensions of the ministers
 Lord Eldon, Mr. Vansittart, and Lord Harrowby, who are
 opposed to concessions to the Roman Catholics, through
 fear that they may prove dangerous to the existing church
 establishment are pleasantly burlesqued.—A.M. E.D.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,

On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite,
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
“ Pretty doings are here, Sir,” (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)

“ ‘Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God !

“ To ride over your Royal Highness rough-shod—

“ Excuse, Sir, my tears—they’re from loyalty’s source—

“ Bad enough ‘twas for Troy to be sack’d by a Horse,

“ But for us to be ruin’d by *Ponies* still worse !”

Quick a council is call’d—the whole Cabinet sits—

The Archbishops declare, frighten’d out of their wits,

That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,

From that awful moment the Church is in danger ;

As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stall

Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Pauls.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,*
V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,

Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the
one

Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter
upon !

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not
Ponies,

* The Chancellor of the Exchequer Vansittart soon after he came into office made a speech at the meeting of the Bible Society which was much talked of ; he increased nearly at the same time the tax upon leather which bore so heavily upon the lower classes in general that it has very lately been repealed by a large majority of the House of Commons.—AM. ED.

The Court would have started no sort of objection,

As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

“ If the PR—NC—SS *will* keep them, (says Lord C—SLT—R—GH—)

“ To make them quite harmless, the only true way,

“ Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their wives)

“ To flog them within half an inch of their lives—

“ If they’ve any bad Irish blood lurking about,

“ This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out.”

Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes

“ The new *Veto** snaffle to bind down their noses—

* In the bill to remove the disqualifications under which his majesty’s subjects labour, Lord Castlereagh introduced a clause giving the King a *Veto* upon the nomination of Irish Bishops and some other articles, which a general meeting of the Catholics at Dublin, May 27th

" A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
 " Which appears to indulge, while it doubly re-
 strains ;
 " Which, however high-mettled, their game-
 someness checks,
 (Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks
 their necks !"

This proposal received pretty general applause
 From the Statesmen around—and the neck-
 breaking clause
 Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
 Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.
 So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
 And my Lord C—STL—R—GH, having so often
 shone
 In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day
 But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away

1813, determined they could not accede to without incur-
 ring the *heavy guilt of schism*.—AM. ED.

To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater*

C——E.

* The young Princess of Wales is only permitted to see her mother occasionally—the interviews are strictly limited, and always in presence of a third person specially appointed.—A.M. ED

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD
FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ*

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book,
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You proye that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;

* Gould Francis Leckie, Esq. has lately published an “Essay on the Practice of the British government,” in which he attempts to show the disadvantages which arise from parliamentary interference with government, the evil of a free representation, and the superior beauties of *simple monarchy*—doctrines which are naturally supposed to be *acceptable at court*.—AM. ED.

And, as to what's incomprehensible.
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The PRINCE, good Sir, the PRINCE has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE'S)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd PRINCE in Christendom :

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances* and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era ;

When England's monarch need but say
 " Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"
 Or—" hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"*
 And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
 To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)
 A Plan of radical Reform;
 Compil'd and chos'n, as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot !

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
 Somewhat more brief than Major CARTWRIGHT.
 Else, though the P——E be long in rigging
 'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
 Two wigs to every paragraph—
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,

* Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England.

His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk !,*
 And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
 He scar'd the CHANCELLOR just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
 Slapp'd his back and call'd him " MUFTI !"

The tailors too have got commands,
 To put directly into hands
 All sorts of Dulinans and Pouches,
 With Sashes, Turbans, and Pabontches,
 (While YARMOUTH's sketching out a plan
 Of new † *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To turkify our gracious R—G—NT !

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
 So send your system.—

Yours in haste.

* Mr. Leckie maintains in his "Essay" that the Turk-
 ish government is not a despotism, and insinuates that it
 has many advantages. —AM. ED.

† Lord Yarmouth *sports* a large pair of sandy red
 whiskers, which are often noticed by the humourous pa-
 ragraphists of the London journals. —AM. ED

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
 I seize a moment, just to say,
 There's some parts of the Turkish system
 So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
 For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
 Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
 With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
 But here (as in that fairy land,
 Where Love and Age went hand in hand*;

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—“A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles.”—And again, “There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c.”—See *Tales of the East*, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

Where lips, till sixty, shed on honey,
 And Grandams were worth any money)
 Our Sultan has much riper notions—
 So, let your list of *she*-promotions
 Include those only, plump and sage,
 Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age ;
 That is—as near as one can fix
 From Peerage dates—full fifty-six ! *

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
 For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
 Though not decidedly *without* them,
 Need never care one curse about them.

* The allusion is probably to the Marchioness of Hertford, the Prince Regent's favourite, and who it is said governs him with absolute sway. She has reached what is called in most countries a “sober, staid, age”—But they order these things better in England.—A.M. E.D.

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE EARL OF YARMOUTH.*

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"

Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—

His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—

His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime !

In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a Stomachic orgasm in my Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force, And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook*, of course !—

" While you live—(what's there under that cover, pray look)—

" While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a *She-Cook*.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the *Marquis of Headfort*.—A.M. E.D.

“ ‘Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that
toast)—

“ Which ordains that a female shall ne’er rule the
roast;

“ For Cookery’s a secret—(this turtle’s uncom-
mon)—

“ Like Masonry, never found out by a woman !”

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt’s condemna-
tion ;*

A compliment too to his Lordship the J——e
For his Speech to the J——y—and zounds ! who
would grudge

Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a
bowl,

To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul ?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and
Tokay

Travell’d round, till our heads travell’d just the
same way ;

* Hunt, lately prosecuted and convicted before Lord
Ellenborough and a Special Jury, for a libel on the
Prince Regent.—A.M. ED.

And we car'd not for Juries nor Libels—no—
damme ! nor
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner !

More good things were eaten than said—but
TOM TYRRHITT *

In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,

And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—“ I'll now try the beef”—
TOMMY whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a
sly hit)

“ I fear 'twill be *hung-beef*, my Lord, if you *try*
it ! ”

And C-MD-N was there, who, that morning, had
gone

To fit his new Marquis's-coronet on ;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-de-
vis'd !

Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, “ a calf's
head surpris'd !

* Thomas Tyrrhitt, Esq. Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall.

The *brains* were near — ; and once they'd
been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in
wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains
at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—T with warm reminiscences
gloated,
And ELLENB'ROUGH chuckled to hear himself
quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent
too—

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons,
or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their
dears :

This museum of wittols was comical rather ;
Old H—T gave M—y,* and I gave — .

* Our readers will recollect the celebrated Speech of
B 4

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge--
 We were all fun and frolic !—and even the J—E
 Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
 And through the whole night was *not once* in a
 passion !

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
 And Mac* has a sly dose of jalup preparing
 For poor T—MMY T—RR—T, at breakfast to quaff--
 As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
 And there's nothing so good as old T--MMY, kept
 close
 To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

Mr. Curran, in an action of Crim. Con. brought by the
 Clergyman *Massey* against the Marquis of *Headfort*.

A. M. E. D.

* Col. M'Mahon.—A. M. E. D.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P-TR-CK D-G-N-N*
TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN NICHOL.

Dublin, †

LAST week, dear N—CH—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
" These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!
" Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
" With all the dirt ev'n you can pick up—

* Dr. Dingenan, one of the most bitter writers against the Roman Catholics and their claims. His violence was deemed injurious to his own cause, and he was for a while silenced by the Ministry.—AM. ED.

† This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Two-penny Post-Office, to save trouble.

" But, as the P——E—(here's to him—fill—
 " Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
 " To humbug them with kind professions,
 " And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
 " *Rogue*—“*traitor*”—hiccup—and all that—
 " You must be muzzled, DOCTOR PAT!
 " You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—“muzzled” was the word, SIR JOHN—
 These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
 The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
 With slaver of the times of yere*!
 Was it for this that back I went
 As far as Lateran and Trent,
 To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
 Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
 The silent victim still to sit
 Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
 To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—W† gabble on,

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however I learn
 that the “muzzle” has been taken off, and the Right
 Hon. Doctor let loose again!

† Members of the House and advocates for Catholic
 emancipation.—A.M.E.D,

Nor mention once the WHORE of Babylon!
 Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
 The Nightman of No-Popery?
 What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
 Such learned filth will ever fish up?
 If there among our ranks be one
 To take my place, 'tis *thou SIR JOHN*—
 Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
 Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
 That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee my friend,
 Should PATRICK* his Port-folio send?
 Take it—'tis thine— his learn'd Port-folio,
 With all its theologic olio
 Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
 Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—
 Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
 Yet always ending in damnation—

* This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse.—As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

torquetur Anollo
 Nomine percussus

(Which shows that, since the world's creation
 Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming
 Have always had a taste for damning)

And many more such pious scraps,
 To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
 That, mad as Christians used to be
 About the Thirteenth Century,
 There's *lots* of Christians to be had
 In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—CH—L
 A rod or two I've had in pickle
 Wherewith to trim old GR—TR—N's jacket.—
 The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following “Unanswerable Argument against the Papists.”

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration*.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
i. e. you need not *read* but *see 'em*)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising !)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagans !

* * *

* ————— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. Pers. Sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—
“ A sserere non veremur sacram baptismum à Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganiis non a Christianis manasse.”

This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such, sad *salivous* fellows—
No—No—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle !

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C——*
TO LADY ——.

My dear Lady ——! I've been just sending
out
About five hundred cards for a snug little
Rout—

* In the gay society of London, during the three months which compose the fashionable winter, April, May and June, there are so many balls and routs, and often on the same night, that it not unfrequently happens that an humble or less fashionable entertainment is completely neglected. On these occasions the intended presence of any distinguished person, or object of curiosity being known, is sufficient to attract the crowd. The Deputies first sent by the Spanish Patriots ; the Prince upon his coming into the government ; Lord Byron, &c. were *Lions* (as they are sometimes called) of this sort. The Russians are, we may presume, *Lions* at present. The COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CORK, whose name we take the liberty to insert, is a sort of patroness of the *Blue*

(By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment
got mine—

The Mail-Coach Edition* prodigiously fine !)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold wea-
ther,

I'm ever to bring my five hundred together ;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to
meet—

(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND,
last night,

Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The “ three Maiden Miseries,” all in a fright !
Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two
posts,

Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts* !)

But, my dear Lady —— ! can't you hit on
some notion,

Stockings or Literary Ladies, and has her regular *soirees*
or *evenings*, once a *fortnight*.—A.M. ED.

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-
Coach copies of Rokeby.

At least for one night to set London in motion?

As to having the R—G—NT *that* show is gone by—

Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA* and he, inconvenient in more ways,

Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;

Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the size of the two—

Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,

And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,

Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—

(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,

That NAPOLEON's old Mother's to marry the POPE,—

What a comical pair!—but, to stick to my Rout,

* Marchioness of Hertford.—A.M. ED.

'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.

Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd?

No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten wiv'd?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of
Fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently
black—

A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a
sight

That would people one's house for one, night after night.

But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too
much—

(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they
touch)

Or, whether Lord G—RGE* (the young man
about town)

Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—

* Lord George Grenville, the author of "Portugal,"
a bad Poem.—A.M. ED.

One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
 And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
 Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
 As old Mrs. V——n's or Lord L——v——rp——l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHIT-

STOPSCINZOULDHOFF

Are the only things now make an ev'ning go
 smooth off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debt-
 or—

If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the
 better.

And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in
 haste—

Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to
 taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can
construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster* ?
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a
Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.*

FROM ABDALLAH†, IN LONDON TO MOHASSAN,
IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, MOHASSAN, (happy thou !)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure !

* The allusion in this letter is to the illiberal prejudices of the High Churchmen against the Roman Catholics. The opposers of the claims of the Catholics, maintain they already enjoy perfect toleration ; that their exclusion from office is merely an arrangement made by the great majority in the state, of which they have no cause to complain, since by taking the oaths prescribed, the road to office is opened to them ; and their not choosing to do it is a matter of choice with themselves, not an oppression of the Government or of the Laws....Those that are curious may find the arguments on each side in the Review, of the Bishop of Lincolns charge in the Edinburgh Review, No. 41.—AM. ED.

† I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is.

Nutmeg of Comfort ! Rose of Pleasure !—
 And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
 As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses ;—
 Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
 And but left on till further orders !—
 Through London streets, with turban fair,
 And caftan, floating to the air,
 I saunter on—the admiration
 Of this short-coated population—
 This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
 Who, while they boast their laws so free,
 Leave not one limb at liberty,
 But live, with all their lordly speeches,
 The slaves of buttons and tight breeches !

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fitter,

From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers ; and he is arrived just in time to assist the PRINCE and Mr. LECKIE in their new Oriental Plan of Reform... See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Is-pahan found its way into the Two-penny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

(They're Christians, and they know no better)*
 In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
 And, on Religious Toleration,
 I own I like their notions *quite*,
 They are so Persian and so right !
 You know our SUNNITES,† hateful dogs !
 Whom every pious SHIITE flogs
 Or longs to flog!—'tis true, they pray,
 To God, but in an ill-bred way :
 With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces

* “ C'est un honnête homme,” said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter. “ c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chretien.”

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided ; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia ; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

† “ Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme.” *D'Herbelot.*

Stuck in their right canonic places !*
 'Tis true they worship Ali's name†—
Their Heaven and ours are just the same—
 (A Persian's Heaven is easily made,
 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)
 Yet though we've tried for centuries back—
 We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
 By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
 To wear the established pea-green slippers !‡
 Then—only think—the libertines !
 They wash their toes—they comb their chins
 With many more such deadly sins !

* “ In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis at certain periods of their prayers press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schaihs, &c. &c.

Forster's Voyage.

† “ Les Turcs ne detestent pas Ali reciprocement; au contraire ils le reconnoissent, &c. &c.”

Chardin.

‡ “ The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination.” *Mariti.*

And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
 Believe the Chapter of the Blanket !*

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
 Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious ;
 As no man living would refuse
 Green slippers, but from treasonous views ;
 Nor wash his toes, but with intent
 To overturn the Government !
 Such is our mild and tolerant way,
 We only curse them twice a day,
 (According to a Form that's set)
 And, far from torturing, only let
 All orthodox believers beat 'em,
 And twitch their beards, where'er they meet
 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
 Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,

* For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rs rank or honour, power or profit ;
Which things we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked !)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration,
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

REMEMBEREST thou the hour we past,
 That hour the happiest and the last!—
 Oh! not so sweet, the Siha thorn
 To summer bees, at break of morn,
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
 As is the soothing memory
 Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?
 Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
 United live and die—
 Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
 With feather always touching feather,
 Link'd by a hook and eye!*

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—“A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together.

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.*
TO —————, ESQ.†

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it
thro'—

Very sorry—but can't undertake—twouldn't do.
Cleverwork, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously
well—

Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *un-*
bought,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a fault.

* Lackington—well known book-sellers, in Finsbury
Square.—A.M. E.D.

† From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *feeling*, I suppress the name of the *Author*, whose
rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See Appendix for this and other enclosures.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be
read—

Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,

Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their
stead,

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think
it)

Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D'S* can
sink it!

However, Sir,—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your
men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR,† took to marrying
lately

The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once
plann'd,

A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land

* William P. Fitzgerald, Esq.—Author of several
poems very little known in this country, but remarkable
for their high toned loyalty. — A.M. ED.

† Sir John Carr. — A.M. ED.

Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—

And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.

Or— supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win
you,

You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of AL-
B—N—A*!

(Mind—not to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)

Or, in case nothing else in this world you can
do—

The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. SCOTT, you
must know,

* This alludes, I believe to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between ALB—N—A, Countess of B—C—K—G—H—M—S—E, and a certain ngenious Parodist.

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the
*Row**)

Having quitted the Borders, to seek new re-
 nown,

Is coming, by long Quarto stages to Town ;
 And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to
 pay)

Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the
 way.

Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hack-
 neys can beat him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet*
 him ;

Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—
 long coaches—

May do a few Villas, before SCOTT approaches—
 Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
 He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Wo-

BURN ABBEY.†

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,

* Paternoster Row, inhabited chiefly by booksellers.

† The beautiful seat of the Duke of Bedford, on the
 great road to Scotland.—AM. ED.

'Tis a match! and we'll put you in *training* next week—

At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Musus.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONAL THOMAS* TO ——
——, ESQ.

COME to our Fête†, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery !
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men ! ‡
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it ;
When B——L's self inquir'd “ who made it ? ”—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,

* C. N. Thomas, Esq. Vice Chamberlain to the Prince of Wales.—A.M. ED.

† This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

‡ The fashionable *beau* to whom this Letter from an officer of the Prince's household is addressed, has escaped our research. We had supposed it was to —— Skeffington, Esq. who has written several farces and light pieces, and is remarkable for the eccentricity and singularity of his dress.—A.M. ED.

And thought thee Poet PYE *at least* !

Oh ! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
 For looking pale)—with paly cheek ;
 Though more we love thy roseate days,
 When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
 Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
 Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red—
 Like the last tints of dying Day
 That o'er some darkling grove delay !

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander !
 (That lace, like H-R-RY AL-X-ND-R,
 Too precious to be wash'd !)—thy rings,
 Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things !
 Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
 And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
 But the great R-G-T's self alone !
 Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
 A dress from ROMEO COATES,* Esquire—

* Of the aspirants after notoriety few have made themselves more ridiculously remarkable than Mr.

Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
 The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket !
 Hail, first of Actors*! best of R—G—ts !
 Born for each other's fond allegiance !
Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
 Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,

COATES, the son, we understand, of a West India gentleman. He made his *debut* at several of the watering places by playing *Romeo* to the great amusement of his audience—he was loudly *encored*, especially in the dying scene “**ENCORE, COATES, DIE AGAIN.**—AM. ED.

* *Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine, videris, &c.* — *Horat.*

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
 Thou great Tragic Muse ! at the hour of his birth—
 Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money
 Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth.

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

Illum—
 ——————
 ——————
 non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico.

D

With *cock's-combs*,* wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lorc!
 It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
 Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!
 It takes to dance that chalk away†.
 The Ball-room opens—far and nigh
 Comets and suns beneath us lie;
 O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
 And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
 But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
 When many a maid, with busy feet
 That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
 O'er the white path shall bound and play

* Mr. Cotes drives a curious curricke, the body of which, of copper, is something in the form of a *conck-shell*, with a large game cock painted on the sides as a crest, and the harness thickly studded with similar crests in brass.—AM. ED.

† To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
 At every step a star is fled,
 And suns grow dim beneath their tread!—
 So passeth life—(thus Sc---TT would write,
 And spinsters read him with delight)—
 Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
 Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone*!

But, hang this long digressive flight!
 I meant to say, thou'l see, that night,
 What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
 Who say the P——E neglets the arts—
 Neglects the arts!—no S——! no;
 Thy Cupids answer “ 'tis not so;”
 And every floor, that night, shall tell
 How quick thou daubest, and how well!
 Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
 Thou'rt best—beneath a French cotillion;
 And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
 Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

With *flying colours* in a Waltz !
 Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
 To thy best works assign'd by fate—
 While *some* chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one ;
 Their hour of glory past and gone
 With “Molly, put the kettle on !”

But, bless my soul ! I've scarce a leaf
 Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
 The former Fête's *fac-simile** ;
 The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
 Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
 (These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works !)
 You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
 Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice
 Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace ;
 And each, to make the oglio pleasant,

* “ Carleton House will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*,
 in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last
 Fête. The same splended draperies, &c. &c.

Morning Post.

Had sent a State-Room as a present!—
 The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
 The same gold Asses*, pretty souls!—
 That, in this rich and classic dome,
 Appear so perfectly at home!—
 The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,†
 But *not*— ah! not the same dear fishes—
 Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
 So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
 (It being rather hard to raise
 Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
 Some Sprats have been, by Y—RM—TH's wish,

* The salt-cellars on the P—E's *own* table were in the form of an **A**ss with panniers.

† At a Fête given by the PRINCE REGENT last year at Carleton House, on the principal supper table was represented a landscape in sand of different colours; in the midst ran a stream of clear water, in which real gold and silver fish were seen swimming about; a few days after there appeared a caricature in which the cabinet ministers were seen standing around the table each with a rod and line angling for the *gold fishes*.—AM. ED.

Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—NS—TT—T told
The R—c—T) are as good as *Gold*!

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

Griffes.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A D R E A M.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."

*Lord CASTLEREAGH's Speech upon Colonel
M'MAHON's Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
" I'll think of Viscount C—STL—RGH,
" And of his speeches—that's the way."

And so it was, for instantly
 I slept as sound as sound could be.
 And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream !
 FUSELI has no such theme ;
 ——* never wrote or borrow'd
 Any horror, half so horrid !

Methought the P——E in whisker'd state,
 Before me at his breakfast sate ;
 On one side lay unread Petitions,
 On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
 Here tradesmen's bills, official papers—
 Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
 There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
 Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo ! the Papers, one and all,
 As if at some magician's call,
 Began to flutter of themselves
 From desk and table, floor and shelves,
 And, cutting each some different capers,
 Advanced, oh jacobinie papers !
 As though they said “ our sole design is

* Monk Lewis. —— A.M. Ep.

“ To suffocate his Royal Highness !
 The leader of this vile sedition
 Was a huge Catholic Petition,
 With grievances so full and heavy,
 It threatened worst of all the bevy.
 Then Common-Hall Addresses came
 In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
 Right at the R—g—t’s well dress’d head,
 As if *determined* to be read !
 Next Tradesmen’s Bills began to fly,
 And Tradesmen’s Bills, we know, mount high ;
 Nay ev’n Death-Warrants thought they’d best
 Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basests of defections !
 His Letter about “ predilections ”—
 His own dear Letter, void of grace,
 Now flew up in its parent’s face !
 Shock’d with this breach of filial duty,
 He just could murmur “ *et Tu Brute ?* ”
 Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
 At Fox’s bust, to rise no more !

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
“ Oh ! never may this Dream prove true ;
“ Though Paper overwhelms the land,*
“ Let it not crush the Sovereign too !”

* The inundation of Bank notes and scarcity of specie
in England.—AM. ED.

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.*

At length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is
nigh,
When, with P—RCE—V—L's leave, I may throw
my chains by ;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I
do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.



I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—RM—TH and I thought perhaps 'twould
better

* Letter from the Prince Regent to the Duke of York,
dated Feb. 13, 1812. — A.M. ED.

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
 That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
 With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
 For, though H—RTF—RD House* had long settled the question,
 I thought it but decent, between me and you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
 Our affairs were all looking, when Father went
 mad ;
 A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on
 me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.

* Upon the expiration of the restrictions on the power of the Prince, there was a general expectation that the Prince would bring his old friends lord Grey &c. into the ministry. This letter to the Duke of York, assigning his reasons for keeping in the old ministry, lord Eldon, Perceval, &c. put an end to their hopes. The influence of the MARCHIONESS OF HERTFORD was supposed to have been the principal cause of this determination.—

AM. ED.

I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they mu-
zle

A playful young bear, and then mock his disas-
ter,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-
master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have
done.

So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole
batch in,

The same chest of tools, without cleansing or
patching;

For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sconce;*
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;
And think—only think—if our Father should
find,

Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite ad-
viser—

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which
upon scouring, turned out to be only an old Sconce.

That ROSE had grown honest, or W—STM—REL
—ND wiser—

That R—D—R, was ev'n by one twinkle, the
brighter—

Or L—v—RP—L's speeches but half a pound
lighter—

What a shock to his old royal heart it would be !
No ! far were such dreams of improvement from
me :

And it pleased me to find, at the house,* where
you know,

There's such good mutton cutlets and strong
curaçoa,†

That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old
boy,

And my Y—RM—TH's red whiskers grew redder
for joy !

You know my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,

* The mansion of the marquis of Hertford in Man-
chester Square.—Lord Yarmouth is the son of the mar-
quis.—A.M. E.D.

† The letter-writer's favourite luncheon,

By the law of last Sessions, I *might* have done
good.

I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee
doodles ;

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know
I did not.

And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fel-
lows

Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jea-
lous,

But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—NG *ever* will
die !

A new era's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe
it—

And all things, of course, must be new to receive
it.

New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n WAITHMAN
attends)—

New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends* ?

* * *

* * *

I repeat it “New Friends”—for I cannot describe

The delight I am in with this P—RC—V—L tribe.

Such capering !—Such vapouring !—Such rigour !—Such vigour !

North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,

That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,

And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.

When I think of the glory they’ve beam’d on my chains,

’Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains !

It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,

But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches !

We’ve lost the warm hearts of the Irish, ’tis granted,

But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
 To put the last lingering few who remain,
 Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
 Then how WELLINGTON fights ! and how squab-
 bles his brother !

For Papists the one, and with Papists the other ;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Com-
mittee !

Oh deeds of renown !—shall I boggle or flinch,
 With such prospects before me ? by Jove, not
 an inch.

No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they
 will,

We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
 And, with nothing at home but starvation and
 riot,

Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affec-
 tions

Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
 And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run
 through :

Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should
 come ill

To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU
BR—MM—L,

Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—NG into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now.)
When such are my merits (you know I hate
cracking,)

I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Black-
ing,

“ To meet with the gen'rous and kind approba-
tion

Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation.”

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
(No man, except POLE could have writ you a bet-
ter.)

’Twould please me if those, whom I’ve hum-
bug'd so long

With the notion (good men !) that I knew right
from wrong,

Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—

To let *too* much light in on me never would do ;
 But even GREY's brightness sha'n't make me
 afraid, (

While I've CAMDEN and ELDEN to fly to for
 shade ;

Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much
 harm,

While there's WESTMORELAND near him to
 weaken the charm.

As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue
 it,

Sure joining with HERTFORD and YARMOUTH
 will do it !

Between RYDER and WHARTON let SHERIDAN sit,
 And the fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's
 wit ;

And against all the pure public feeling that glows
 Ev'n in WHITBREAD himself we've a Host in
 GEORGE ROSE !

So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they
 may,

And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to
 GREY,

Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time
 to lose,) E

By the two-penny post to tell GRENVILLE the
news ;
And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predi-
lection,)
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to PERCEVAL going—
Good Lord ! how St. Stephens will ring with his
crowing !

ANACREONTIC*

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan !
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a PRINCE's plume—†
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a PRINCE to wear !

First, thou downiest of men !
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,

* See Anacreon, Ode xvi—Moore's translation.

AM. ED.

† The crest of the Prince of Wales is three plumes with the motto, " Ich dien, " " I serve." AM. ED.

As by Juno's side might stand,
 If there were no Cocks at hand !
 Seek her feathers, soft as down,
 Fit to shine on PRINCE's crown ;
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !
 Ask the way of PRIOR's Cupid.
 Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck me next an old Cuckoo ;
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates !
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a Royal crest ?

Bravo, Plumist !—now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third ?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,
 Foe to all that's fair and bright !
 Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
 Books, that shun the search of men ;
 Books, that, far from every eye,
 In “ swelter'd venom sleeping” lie !)

Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;
Sullied now— alas how much !
Only fit for YARMOUTH's touch.

There—enough— thy task is done ;
Present worthy GEORGE's Son !
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write “ I SERVE” and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH MANCHESTER Square took a canter
just now—

Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and
civil,

But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the
devil!

How unlucky!—*incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the *old yellow chariot* I
ride,

To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.*

* The Prince commonly visits the marquis of Hertford in a plain yellow chariot without any parade of livery servants.—A.M. ED.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—
 What can be come over me lately, I wonder?
 The PRINCE was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
 He had never been troubled with Friends or a
 Wife—

“Fine weather,” says he—to which I, who *must*
 prate,
 Answer’d, “yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of
 late.”

He took it, I fear, for he look’d somewhat gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers* so rough,
 That before all the courtiers I fear’d they’d come
 off,

And then, Lord, how GERAMB† would triumph-
 antly scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or
 lotion

* The Prince wears very large whiskers.—AM. ED.

† An adventure remarkable for a tremendous pair of
 whiskers—AM. ED.

To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion!*

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
 Given by my lady C—STL—R—GH.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has two strings always to his bow.
 In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam'd
 “*Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.*”
 While gentle HERTFORD begg'd and pray'd
 For “*Young I am and sore afraid.*”

* England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. “I remember,” says Tavernier, “to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension.”

PIGRAM.*

What news, to-day?—“ Oh! worse and worse—
“ M—c is the Pr——e’s Privy Purse!”—
The Pr——ce’s *Purse*! no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr——ce’s *Ridicule*.

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly,
to the PRINCESS of WALES. I have merely versified it.

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION
FOR A NEW MINISTRY.†

KING CRACK was the best of all possible
Kings,
(At least so his Courtiers would swear to you
gladly,)

* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

† After the death of Mr. Perceval, it is known that the ministers tendered their resignations to the Prince. A month was lost in fruitless endeavours to form another from the friends of the marquis of Wellesley and the opposition—and finally, the old ministers were re-instated, being all of the old king's, or ministerial party.—

AM. ED.

But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox
things,
And, at last took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been
plac'd

In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so
much,

That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—
such was his taste !—

They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to
touch !

And these were the beautiful Gods of KING
CRACK!—

Till his People, disdaining to worship such
things,

Cried aloud, one and all, “ Come, your Godships
must pack—

“ You will not do for us, though you *may* do
for *Kings*.”

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their
feet,

They sent CRACK a petition, beginning “ Great
Cæsar !

“ We are willing to worship ; but only entreat
 “ That you’ll find us some *decenter* Godheads
 than these are.

“ I’ll try,” says KING CRACK—then they fur-
 nish’d him models
 Of better shap’d Gods, but he sent them all
 back ;
 Some were chisselled too fine, some had heads
 ‘stead of noddles,
 In short, they were all *much* too godlike for
 CRACK !

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
 And just mending their legs and new bronz-
 ing their faces,
 In open defiance of Gods and of men,
 Set the monsters up grinning once more in
 their places !

WHATS' MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like Viscount CASTLE.

REAGH

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood !

PIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE
AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF CUMBERLAND.

Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face
of his,
Why refuse us the *Veto*,* dear Catholic
NEDDY?" —

*See note to page 15.

“ Because, Sir,” said NED, looking full in his phiz,
 “ You’re *forbidding* enough, in all conscience,
 already !”

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers !
 Haste thec from Old Brompton’s bowers—
 Or, (if sweeter that abode)
 From the Kings well-odour’d Road,
 Where each little nursery bud
 Breathes the dust and quafs the mud !
 Hither come, and gaily twine
 Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
 Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
 Those, who rule and (some say) fool us—
 FLORA, sure, will love to please
 England’s **HOUSEHOLD DEITIES*** !

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their **Lares**, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as

First you must then, willy-nilly,
 Fetch me many an Orange lily
 Orange of the darkest die
 Irish G—FF—RD* can supply!
 Choose me out the longest sprig,
 And stick it in old ELD—N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
 Type of his harrangues so dozy,
 Garland gaudy, dull and cool
 For the head of L—v—RP—L!—

they are now, “ much given to War and penal Statutes.”

In the negociation for a ministry after the death of Mr. Percival, Lord Grey insisted as a *sine qua non* of himself and friends, coming into the ministry, that they should be at liberty to remove the officers of the Prince's Household—this was refused by Lord Moira acting for the Prince; and the negociation was broken off.

A.M. ED.

* *Gifford*—Author of *Baviad* & *Maviad* translator of *juvenal*—now the conductor of the *Quarterly Review*—in politics warmly espousing the side of the present ministry and opposing the claims of the Roman Catholics.—This Review is the great antagonist of the *Edinburg Review*, and in some respect is superior even to that celebrated Journal.—A.M. ED.

'Twill console his brilliant brows
 For that loss of laurel boughs,
 Which they suffer'd (what a pity !)
 On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—STL—R—GH to crown,
 Bring me, from the County Down,
 Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
 Gilded o'er to hide the green—
 Such as HEADFORT brought away
 From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day*)
 Stitch the garland through and through
 With shabby threads of *every hue*—
 And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
 His Lordship loves (though best of men)
 A little *torture*, now and then,
 Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
 Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough— away, away—
 Had I leisure, I could say
 How the *oldest rose* that grows

* Certain tinsil imitations of the Shramrock which are distributed by the Servants of Carleton House every Patrick's Day.

Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—E—
 How the Doctor's brow should smile
 Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
 But time presses—to thy tast
 I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste !

PIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FETE.

“ I want the Court-Guide” said may Lady “ to
 look
 “ If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20”—
 “ We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's
 the *Red Book*,
 “ Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour PLACES** in plenty !”

* Seymour is a family name of the *Hertford* family, who from their influence have secured *Places* under Government for many of their relations—Lord Yarmouth (son of the Marquis of H) lives in Seymour Place.

HORACE, ODE xi LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.*

[†]**C**OME, Y—RM—TH, my boy, never trouble your
brains,
About what your old croney,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains ;

* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, sometime or other, meet the eye of the Public—entitled “Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion.”

[†] Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quarrere.

* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;

Should there come famine,

Still plenty to cram in

You always shall have, my dear Lord of the
Stannaries !

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may ;

† For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,

And then people get fat,

And infirm, and—all that,

‡ And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their
wits.

§ Thy whiskers, too Y—RM—TH !—alas, even
they,

* Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

† ————— Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.

‡ Pellente lascivos amores
Canicie.

§ ————— neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu

Though so rosy they burn,
 Too quickly must turn
 (What a heart-breaking change for thy whis-
 kers !) to GREY.

* Then why, my Lord Warden† ! oh ! why should
 you fidget
 Your mind about matters you don't under-
 stand ?
 Or why should you write 'yourself down for an
 idiot,
 Because "you," forsooth, "have the pen in
 your hand !"

* — quid æternis minorem
 Consiliis animum fatigas ?

† In one of the papers on the subject of the exchange
 of prisoners in the Paris Moniteur, Lord Yarmouth was
 accused of having violated his parole, by not returning
 to France when permitted to go to England in 1806.—
 He immediately published a denial of the charge, and
 stated that he was afterwards regularly discharged, but
 proceeded to say "Now I have the pen in my hand, I
 may say that the detention of English travellers never
 appeared to me so very unjustifiable." For this he was se-
 verely censured in the public prints.—AM. ED.

Think, think how much better
 Than scribbling a letter,
 (Which both you and I
 Should avoid, by the bye,)

* How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust[†]
 Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink
 like a new one ;
 While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me,
 just
 As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don
 Juan !

‡ To crown us, Lord Warden !
 In C—MB—RL—ND's garden
 Grows plenty of monk's hood§ in venomous
 sprigs ;

* Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
 Pinu jacentes sic temere —

† Bust of Fox, by Nollikens. — A.M. ED.

‡ ————— rosâ
 Canos odorati capillos
 Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
 Potamus uncti.

§ Alluding to an *unlucky discovery* and consequent
 rencontre at a masquerade. — A.M. ED.

While Otto of Roses
 Refreshing all noses
 Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and
 wigs.

* What youth of the Household will cool our
 Noyau

In that streamlet delicious,
 That down midst the dishes,
 All full of good fishes
 Romantic doth flow ?—

† Or who will repair
 Unto MANCHESTER SQUARE,

And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there ?

Go—bid her haste hither,

‡ And let her bring with her
 The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—

* —— Quis puer ocyus
 Restinguet ardantis Falerni
 Pocula *prætereunte lympha* ?

† Quis ——— elicit domo
 Lyden ?

‡ eburna dic age cum lyra (quasi *liar-a*)
 Maturet.

* Oh ! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—ACKERMANN's Dresses for
May !

* Incomtum lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

*THE man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces !

† No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB ;†
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d—mn !

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

† Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra :

‡ A Hungarian adventurer who attracted much attention in London.—A.M. ED.

* Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
 Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
 Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
 No matter, 'tis all one to him.

† For instance, I, one evening late,
 Upon a gay vacation sally,
 Singing the praise of Church and State,
 Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

* Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

The noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his *Man of Conscience* among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words “quæ loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes” thus—“The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;” but, recolecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silvâ lupus in Labinâ,
 Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
 Terminum curis vagor expeditis
 Fugit inermem.

When lo ! an Irish Papist darted
 Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
 I did but frown, and off he started,
 Scar'd at me even without my wig !

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
 Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
 Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
 Nor spouts in Catholic Committee !

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a Wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time ; and the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "*curis expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "*inermis*" when "*without his wig*," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* *Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
 Arida ruris.*

* Oh ! place me midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
 The ragged royal-blood of TARA ;
 Or place me where DICK MARTIN rules
 The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA ;

† Of Church and state I'll warble still
 Though ev'n DICK M—RT—N's self should
 grumble ;
 Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL,
 ‡ So lovingly upon a hill—

* Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura ;
 Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
 Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—RT—N being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
 Dulce loquentem.

‡ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than

• Ah ! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble !

this ancient apostrophe of JACK and JILL. JACK of course represents the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

JACK fell down
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

“ I never give a kiss, (says Prue)
“ To naughty man, for I abhor it,”—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true ;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it !

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia
ni voce per esser un Angelo.*

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given ;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven !

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury
to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—See his *Life*.

THE
NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

—NOVA MONSTRA CREAVID.

Ovid Metamorph. L. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major
CAMAC,
With a swinging horse tail* at each valourous
back,
And such helmets, God bless us ! as never
deck'd any

* When the Guards were ordered into Spain, their uniform was altered by the Prince Regent, and their embarkation some time delayed, until his capricious taste was at last suited.—In their new uniform, a large horse tail is suspended from the helmet, and flows over the shoulders. Some alterations were afterwards made in the dress of the lord Chancellor.—A.M. ED.

Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI*—

“ Let’s see,” said the R—G—r (like Titus, perplex’d

With the duties of empire) “ whom *shall* I dress next?”

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a
hair ;†

Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case
is,

* Performer of the Opera.—AM. ED.

† That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—“ timore tonsoris,” says Lampridius. Hist. August. Scriptro.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.)—Indeed, this was the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise the most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

The *fauler* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt ?

For his Y—R—M—TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out ;

Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,

And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait !

Then whom shall he dress ? shall he new-rig his brother

Great C—MB—RL—D's Duke with some kickshaw or other ?

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes

For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes ?

Ah ! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,

For the Duke has been lately pack'd up in new Stays,*

* The fashionable men in England, especially those

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
 'Twould be devilish hard work to *unpack* him
 again !

So, what's to be done ?—there's the **MINISTERS**
 bless 'em !

As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dresse*
 'em ?—

An excellent thought !—call the tailors—be nim-
 ble—

“ Let **CUM** bring his spy-glass, and **H—RT—**
F—D her thimble ;

“ While **Y—RM—TH** shall give us, in spite of all
 quizzers,

“ The last **Paris** cut with his true **Gallic** scis-
 sars.

So saying, he calls **C—STL—RGH**, and the rest
 Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be
 drest.

inclined to corpulency, frequently wear a kind of *corset*
 braced tight round the body to keep them in shape.—
 The Russian officers about the Court have the same
 fashion.—**AM, ED.**

While Y—RM—TH, with snip-like and brisk ex-
pedition,

Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures, (the Prince crying
"well done !")

And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor E.L.

D—N.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON
THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED)
“HAVING LAW* ON ONE'S SIDE.”

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

“LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice”

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so
bloomy,
To one frigid owner be tied ;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look
gloomy,
But, dearest ! we've *Law* on our side.

* The original name of Lord Ellenborough, Lord
Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench is *Law*.—

A.M. ED.

Oh ! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
 Whom no dull decorums divide;
 Their error how sweet, and their raptures how
venial,
 When once they've got **LAW** on their side !

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been
 done, too :
 Then why should it now be decried ?
 If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son,
 too ?
 For so argues **LAW** on our side !

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
 By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
 They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my
 beauty,
 As long as we've **LAW** on our side,

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good Sir ! go a little more slowly;
 For, grant me so faithless a bride,
 Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
 To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shin-
 ing o'er 'em,
 The People should look for their guide,
 Then, your Highness, (and welcome !) might kick
 down decorum—
 You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you even an old Marquis,* in mischief
 grown hoary,
 Whose heart, though it long ago died
 To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
 You still would have LAW on your side ?

* See Letter 3d for account of the dinner at the Marquis of Headforts, at which Lord Ellenborough was present.—A.M. E.D.

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of
troubles;

By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and No-
bles

Who have *such* a Law on their side !

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS*

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF
ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN
SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COS-
TUME, OF THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

This day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could
be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other
day, at least in the olden time
It is truly surprising how well they can play.

* Speech of the Prince Regent at the opening of the
House of Commons.

Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
 And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,
 But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
 Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the
 King* ;)

Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
 Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
 Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
 Your devoted and long-winded proser till death !

You remember last season, when things went
 perverse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
 One Mr. VANSITTART, a good sort of person,
 Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
 In " Raising the Wind," and " the Devil to Pay."
 We expect too—at least we've been plotting
 and planning—

To get that great actor form Liverpool, CANNING ;

And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts,
 Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the
 acts,*

* In allusion to the duel between Lord Castlereagh
 and Mr. Canning after the Walcheren expedition

A.M. ED.

If the Manager should, with the help of Sir
POPHAM,
Get up new *diversions*, and CANNING should
stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the
papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional
capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or
sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will
be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walchern weep o'er them
yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinary,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,*

* Lord Yarmouth and Duke of Cumberland.—A.M. ED

To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French
jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the
wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager P A T C—S T L—R—G H.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

INSTRUMENTA REGNI.

Tacitus.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Gem'men
and Ladies,

They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade
is;

(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had
his own will,

Would have bungled away with them joyously
still.)

You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and
slack!

What tool is there job after job will not *hack*?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——N——R——H's, none
of the best,

But you'll find them good hard-working Tools,
 upon trying,
 Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the
 buying;
 They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
screens,
 And they're, some of them, excellent *turning*
 machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chanceller*)

Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
 Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
 'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.

Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou
 shapest—

'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a
 Papist;

Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
 Of some church that old women are fearfull will
 fall;

Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
 A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*!

Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—

Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is
your's, Sir.

To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest.
As a *bill at long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in
a trice—

This implement, Ge'mmen! at first was a *Vice*;
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,) But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite
gone!

God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
down,

Might at last cost their owner—how much? why,
a *Crown*!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the
gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,

And like other close shavers, some courage to
gather,

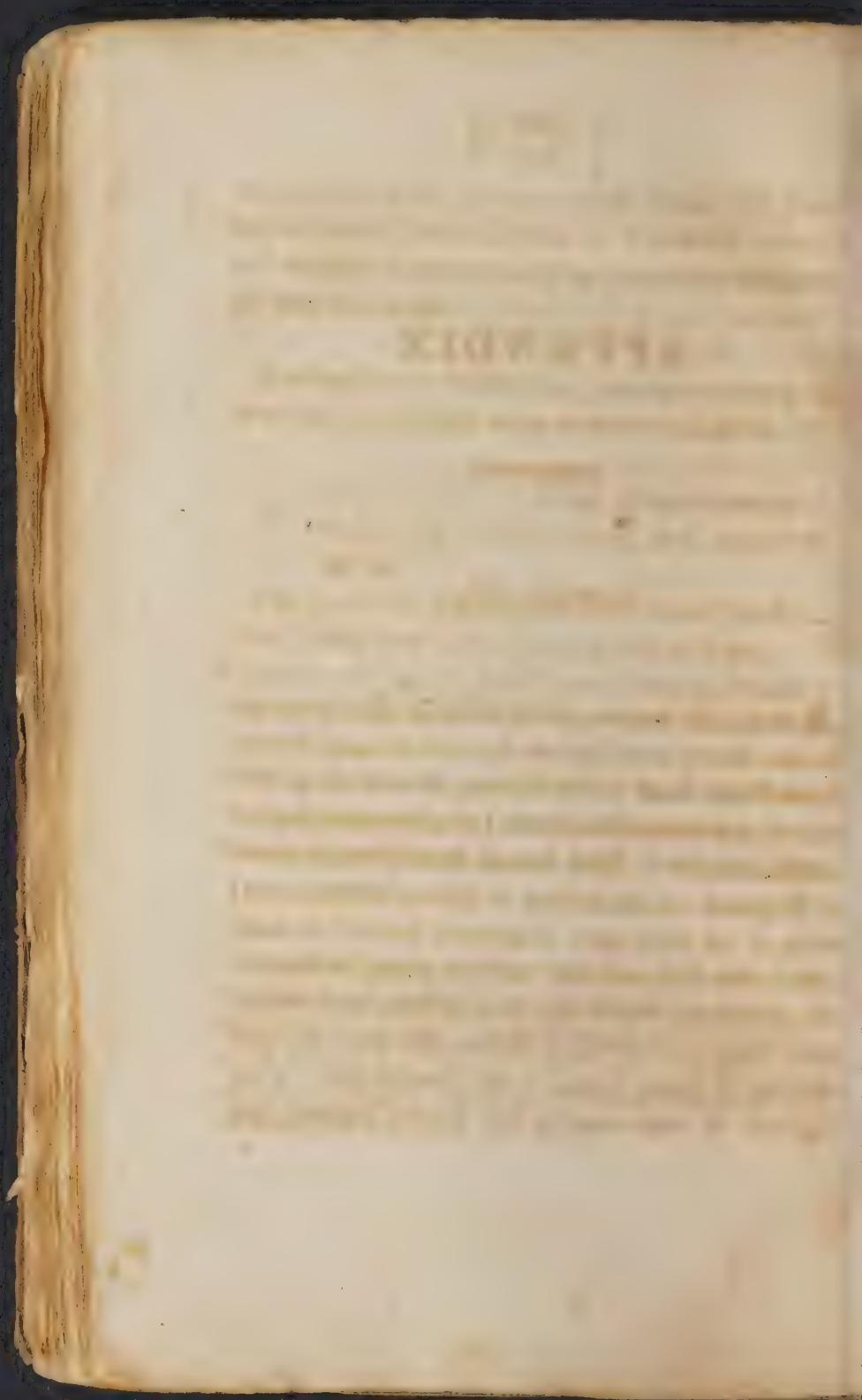
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather*!

You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with
me

At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to

judge it)

As placed by ill luck at the top of the *Budget*!



APPENDIX.

LETTER IV.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. DINGENAN'S Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from POPE JOAN to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom she

had elevated to the dignity* of Cardinal) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were at Athens—when

“ by Ilissus’ stream

“ We whispering walk’d along, and learn’d to speak

“ The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek!—

“ Ah! then how little did we think or hope,

“ Dearest of men! that I should e’er be POPE*!

“ That I—the humble Joan—whose house-wife art

“ Seem’d just enough to keep thy house and heart,

“ (And those alas! at sixes and at sevens)

“ Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!”

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—“ Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam !”

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

“ Should thus surprise the Conclave’s grave de-
corum,
“ And let a *little Pope* pop out before ‘em—
“ Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
“ That name should ever have been fix’d upon !”

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

“ But oh ! more dear, more precious ten times
over—
“ Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover !
“ I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad’st *me* ah !
“ Thou mad’st the Papa* of the World Mamma !”

* This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle ; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis !)
Emancipatus FEMINÆ
Fert vallum ! —

LETTER VII.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE Book*," of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. Lackington and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

* There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "a tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—
 Time, three o'clock in the morning—Scene, the
 Bourbon Chamber* in C—r—l—t—n House—
 Enter the P—e R—e—t solus—After a few
 broken sentences, he thus exclaims

Away—Away—

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book !
 I meet thee—trace thee wheresoe'er I look.
 I see thy damned *ink* in ELDON's brows—
 I see thy *foolscap* on my HERTFORD's Spouse—
 VANSITTIT's head recalls thy *leathern* case
 And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from Ryder's
 face !

While, turning here (*laying his hand upon his heart*) I find, ah wretched elf !

Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself !

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation*)
 Oh Roman Punch ! oh potent Curacao !
 Oh Mareschino ! Mareschino oh !

* The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fete, and which was ornamented (all “for the Deliverance of Europe”) with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Delicious drams ! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart ?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and “ by the light of two magnificent candelabras” discovers the following unconnected words “ *Wife neglected*”—“ *the Book*”—“ *Wrong Measures*”—“ *the Queen*”—“ *Mr. Lambert*”—“ *the R—G—T.*”

Ha ! treason in my House !—Curst words, that
wither

My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*)
what Demon brought you hither ?

“ My Wife !”—“ the Book” too !—stay—a nearer look—

(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)

Alas ! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—

Death and destruction !

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched in

different directions for the L—RD CH—N—C—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c. &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—The D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—N—C—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, “to maintain the becoming splendor of his office.*” The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—N—C—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

’Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—E !
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold in mandate loud,

* “ To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendor.” (*A loud laugh.*)

Lord Castlereagh’s Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor’s Bill.

“Worship my whiskers!”—(*weeps*) not a knee
was there

But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his*
handkerchief)—while cries
Of “whiskers, whiskers” shook the echoing
skies!—

Just in that glorious hour, methought, there
came,

With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*)—collected
in her veil—

The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she
throws,

And lights the Pile beneath the princely nose.

(*weeps*)

Heavens, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier
fire,

(*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—

But ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourn'd to see—

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!

And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,

And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;

While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!

When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—

Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?—

Thorne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into
smoke,

The watchman cried “ past One” and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—c—r (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII, when he was shot, claps his hands to his

whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—r for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person, who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is accordingly determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech which is addressed to the two brothers, as they “exeunt severally” to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall
ring ;

Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,

At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
 Some beam that enters, trembling, as if aw'd,
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad !
 Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
 Of Spring or Summer flowers, await you there ;
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly
 crew

In rich conservatories *never* knew !
 Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
 With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has placed it
 near,
 Nor cease till all Mankind are in its sphere !—
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
 And the fresh Spirit that can warble free,
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty !

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged groupe of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board.— Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about— They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following stanzas to the tune of “Derry Down.”

My brave brother Tailors, come straighten your
knees,

For a moment like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his
railers)

The Shop-board's delight ! the Macænas of Tai-
lors !

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Some monarch's take roundabout ways into note,
But His short cut to frame is—the cut of his
coat !

Philip's Son thought the World was too small
for his Soul,

While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd but-
ton-hole !

Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those
who go loose—

Not a King of them all's such a friend to the
Goose.

So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best fitted P——E about
town !

Derry down, &c.

During the “Derry down” of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S—e’s Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement, the management of the Tailor’s examination is higly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation too, which he gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed a part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M‘M—n, upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honor'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN
of all slatterns,

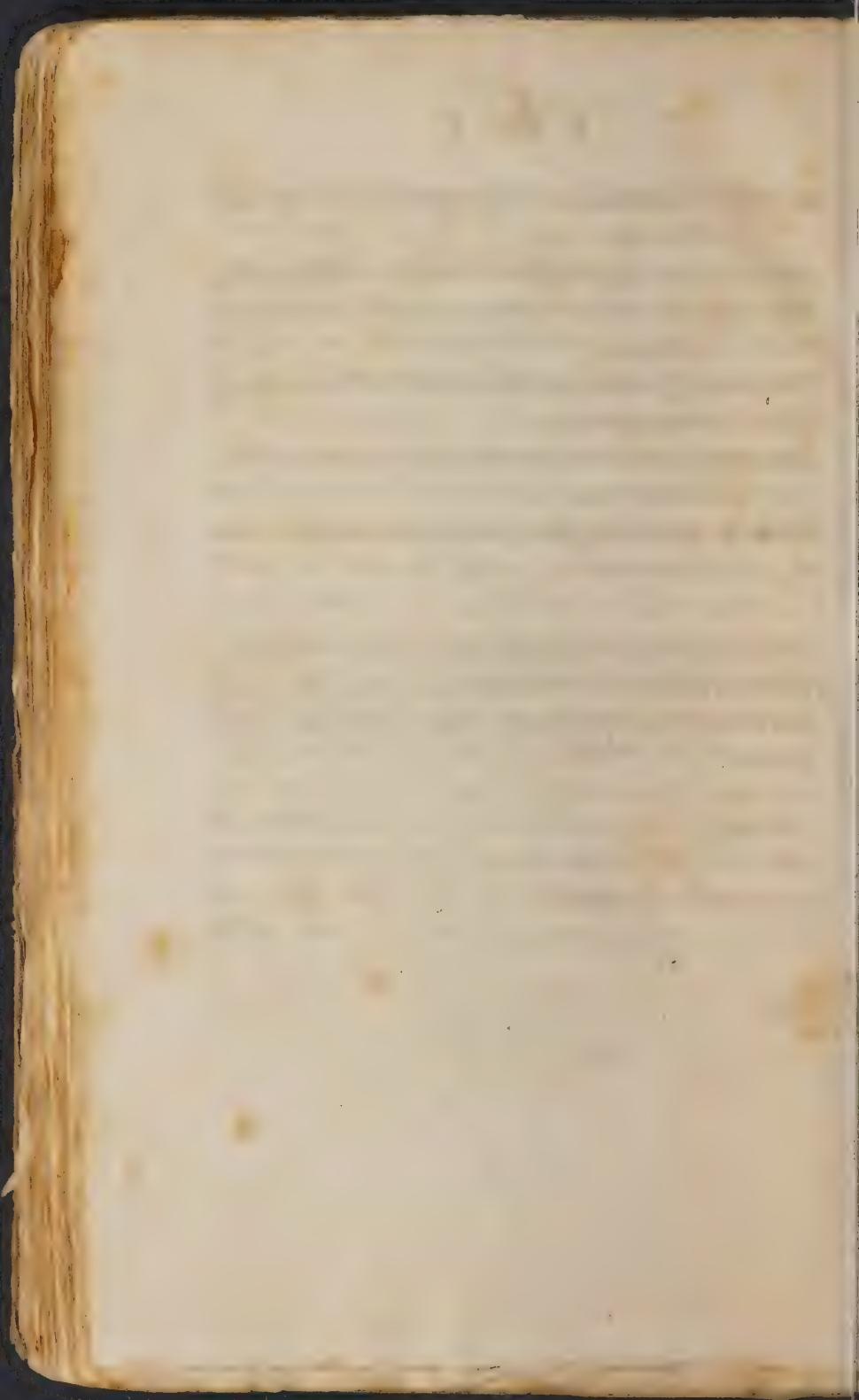
NEGLECTED to put up the Book of new Patterns.
She sent the WRONG Measures too—shamefully
wrong—

They're the same us'd for poor MR. LAMBERT,
when young ;

But, bless you ! they wouldn't go half round the
REGENT—

So, hope you'll excuse your's, till death, most
obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the RE-
GENT resumes his wonted smiles, and the Dra-
ma terminates as usual to the satisfaction of all
parties.



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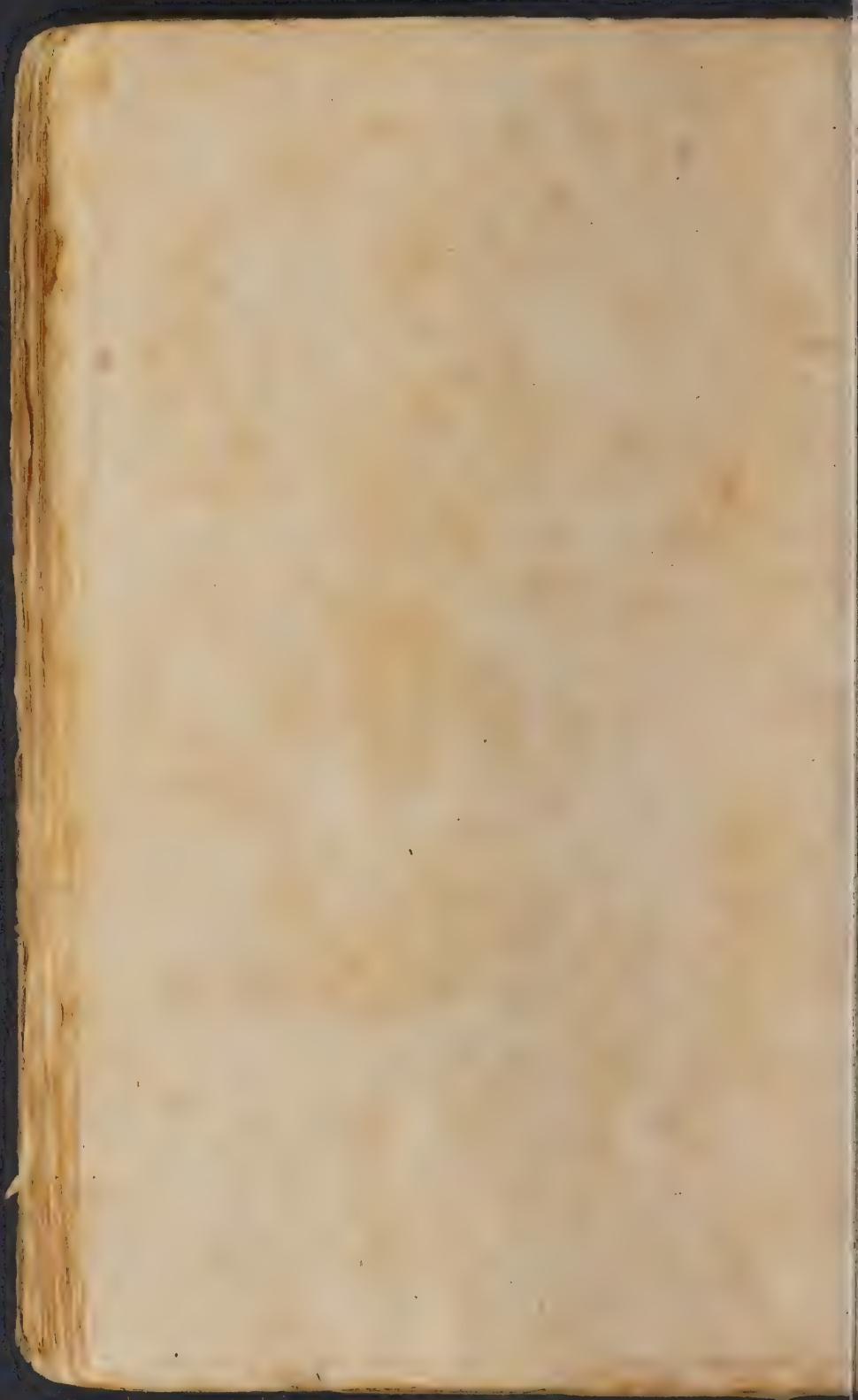
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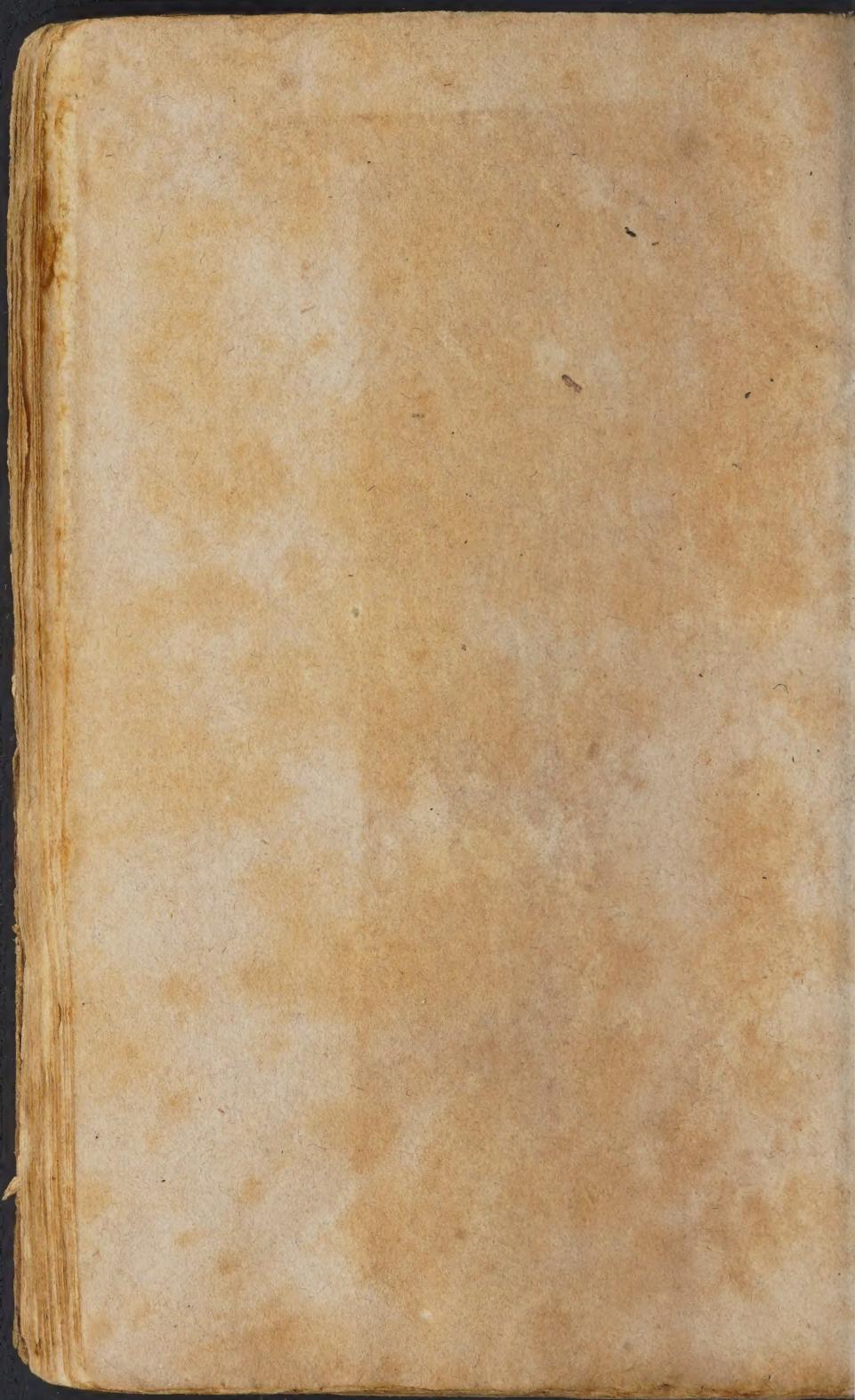
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Is about to put to Press.

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